4 10 p m

5 15 p m

The Homeless. is cold dark midnight, yet listen o that patter of tiny feet; Is one of your Dogs, fair lady, he whines in the bleak, cold street? It is one of your silken spaniels, Shut out in the snow and sicet;

No-iny Dogs sleep warm in their baskots, Safe from the durkness and snow:
All the beasts in our Christian country Find pity wherever they go.
Those are only the homoless children, who are wandering to and fro.

Look out in the gusty darkness, I have seen it again and again: That shadow that fifts so slowly Up and down past the window pane; It is surely some criminal lurking Out there in the frezen rain.

No—our criminals are all sheltered, They are pitied, and taught, and fed: That is only a virtuous girl, Who has got neither feed nor bed— And the night cries, "sin to the living," And the river cries, "sin to the dead."

Look at the furthest corner.
Where the wall stands blank and bare—
Can that be a pack which a peddler
Hus left and forgotten there?
Hus groods lying out unsheltered. Will be spoilt by the damp, night air.

No-goods in our thrifty country Are not left to lie and grow retten, For each man knows the market value Of silk, or woolen, or cetton; But in counting our riches and wealth I think our poor are forgotten.

Our Beasts, and our thieves, and our chattels Have weight for good or for fill. But the Homeless are only His image, His presence, His word, His will— And so Lazarus lies at our door-step, And Dives neglects him still. -Messenger of St. Joseph; Rockwell College, Ireland.

BROKEN HEADS & HEARTS.

Scences in an Irish Dispensary Forty

"Docthor, darling!"
"Docthor, I'm here since mornin'!"

"Docthor, let me go, an' the heavens bless you. I'm as wake as a piece of wet paper."

"Glory to your soul, docthor, asthore, an' gi' me something for this thremblin' I have. I do be thremblin' always, like a straw upon the water." Doethor, I hear a great pain in my foot, sir. I declare I cried that bottle full to-day morning, with it."

"That was a fine physic you ga' me last night, long life to your honor." There isn't a bit I ate, docthor, this time back, but what I get a conceit again' it the minute afther."

"Doethor, I can make no hand o' my head at all, these days." "Oh, docthor, what'll I do at all with these ears o' mine? I'm partly deaf always, an' when ever I do le, I hear great sounds an' noises, waves dashin' again' the bank, and birds whistlin' an'—boo! an' candlesticks; an when I'm deaf entirely, its then I I hear all the bells in Ireland ringin'in

Doethor, I have a great express upon my heart."

"That girl, sir, that you saw yester-day evening was bad entirely after you goin'; Oh, she began screechin'in a manner, that if the priest was at the doors, you'd think he wouldn't our-take her; an' every bit of her so lot, that you'd imagine the clothes would light about her, an' her face the whole time as red as if you threw a bow o' blood in it."

"Doethor, a' ra gal! Doethor, lin'; Doethor, asthore! Oh, ma gra hu! Ma grien chree hu, Doethor an'

Such were a few of the eloquent entences addressed by the throng of pa-tients, without the rails, to Dotor Jarvis, one of the attending physicans to a dispensary in a district of Ireland.
Accustomed to the din, he remaned with an undisturbed countenance. loking alternately into the haggard robu blooming, pale, fair, yourgand ance at faces that were thrust for ard through the wooden rails, and sociting his sympathy. Two or three rang disciples were hammering away at their mortars in different corners ompounding, like so many Cyclops the thunderbolts of this great dispense of health or of its opposite. The cene around him was one which might have waked uneasy sympathies in the eart of a novice. On one side was a stout man roaring aloud in the agencs of tooth-drawing; on another, a vicim to the same "queen of a' diseases' sat woefully, with hand to jaw, contemplating the torture of the surerer, and ruminating over his own appeaching sorrow; here lay a striplin with bandaged arm and cadaverous just recovering with a sigh from the fit of syncope which had been indued by the operation of phlebotomy. an there melt, with sleeve up-turned liyoung Esculapius, wounding, with athless lancet, the blue vein in the prety foot of a girl as fresh as a garland. In one corner was an infant squalig and plunging on its mother's lap in another the leader of a factic discom-fied and head broken, benting over the recollection of his roil, and groaning for the priest. Buill those sounds of wee and suffering saluted mere mechanical effect, and continued to prescribe with a cummoved, amid the twat tenance pestles, the squalling of ch vociferations of the old cen, the the moans of the young, see beneath their hoods, call ut from

wants in turn.
At a door in the railing we placed an able-bodied man, whose dty it was to admit the patients one yone, to see that no more should passet a time, and to prevent them from teering on

order to his side, and attendig to their

each in

"Mary Mulcahy!" cried he physician, reading from a ticketwhich had just been handed in.

An old woman hobbled of crutches to the door. Jerry Dubli the able-bodied man before mentical) opened the mod of patients outside. The old woman was flung into a doctor's woman was flung inter arms, and Jerry himself westaggered from his balance. But, lata second Horatius Coccles, he are in his anger, and confronted the avaders in the breach of which theyard almost possessed themselves. The physician gave himself up for a lost nan when he saw the counter-scarp is furiously stormed. But Jerry stood is ground. He thrust right and le with his clenched fists until he set the crowd screaming and josting) ek again without the door, with ore cause of complaint that they id brought from home. As the of coman re-

turned, Jerry, vexed at the outrage of which she had been the innocent oc-casion, caught her by the back of the erutches and all, at a rate more rapid than she had traveled since she was a young woman. She tumbled and fell among the crowd, exclaiming, in a tone between surprise and terror:

"Oh, heaven forgive you your sins, you conthrairy man. Here's usage! Here's thratement!" The doctor proceeded.

"What is the matter with your head, my good man?"

A little difference I had, sir, with a naighbor, an' he-"Broke it?"

"No, sir; only he hit up to me about my brother that was thransported for

night-walkin', an' out o' that-'He broke your head?' "No, sir; only I retorted on him, in regard of his own father that was

hanged for cow stealin', an'"He broke your head?" "No, sir; only then you see he made up to me and call'd me a liar, an' with that I sthruck him, and with that

"Broke your head?"

"Broke my head across."

"Aye that's the point. One would think I was a justice of peace. What is it to me what you fought about? The broken head is all I want." "Faix, then, I could spare it to your

honor now, an welcome. "Here, take that prescription to the young gentleman in the blue coat that's rolling the pills in the corner.

"Well, my young girl, what's the matter with you? Jerry, mind the

A sudden roar from without proved that Jerry took the hint.

The young patient just addressed was a timid and pretty creature of sixteen, who hesitated for a considerable time, and glanced shyly on each side, as if afraid of being overheard. Pitying her embarrassment, and interested by her figure, the doctor took her into an inner room.

"Well, my dear," he said, in a kind tone, "What's the matter? Come, don't be afraid of me. I'm your friend. And he patted her on the shoulders.

The girl only sighed and looked Well, my dear, what have you to tell me?'

"Something that's come over me, r. I'm in dread.'
"How is that?"

"A great pain I have on my heart, There's a boy livin' over, near the Seven Churches, an I'm afeerd he isn't actin' well."

"I don't know, sir. But ever since I met him I feel quite altered some way. I'm always lonesome, an' with a pain mostly at my heart, an' what makes me think 'tis he that done it to me is, because when I go to his mother's an' I find him at home, from that minute the pain leaves me, an' I feel nothin' at all until I come away again."
"Oh, ho!" said the doctor, 'well, my dear, I'll order you something; but how is it you suppose that this lad

isn't acting well, as you say?"
The girl lifted the corner of her check apron to her eyes and began to

ery a little. Come now, my dear, don't keep

was sittin' next to me he gave me an apple, an' they tell me now that—''
Here she lifted her apron to her eyes and cried a-fresh.

"Well, well," said the doctor, soothingly, "what then? Don't be afraid of

"They told me he put something in the apple, sir, to-to-make a fool of a person.

And, so saying, she hung her head, and drew the hood of her cloak around "Pooh! pooh!" said the doctor, "is

If Then you might be quite at Is this boy comfortable?" that all? peace. Is this boy comfortable.
"Tis Harry Lenigan, sir, that keeps the Latin school near the Seven Churches, an' holds his place from Mr. Darn-

er, of Glendearg."
"And have you any fortune yourself, my dear?"

"Fifteen pounds, my uncle left me,

"A very nice thing. Well, my dear, take one of these pills every second night; and I would advise you generally, since you find it relieves your pain so much, to get into company with Harry, to be near him as much as you can conveniently; and come to me again when those pills are out. If Harry should call at your house any time between this and Shrovetide, I would advise you not to be out of the way. Do you hear?"

"I do, sir. Long life to your honor."
"But, above all things, be sure you take the pills."

The girl promised to be careful, dropped a courtesy, and, heaving a gentle sigh, departed.

A loud knocking at the door now courted the besides of the courtest of the courtes

startled the physician. "You're wantin' over, sir, in all aste," cried the harsh and stormy haste." voice of Jerry Duhig, "here's Aaron Shepherd come to call you to see Mrs. Wilderming, that's taken suddenly ill."

This startling announcement occasioned an instantaneous bustle. The doctor's horse was ordered to the door, and he hurried out of the house, leaving the crowd of patients storming at Jerry, and Jerry roaring at them like

The spirits, that they for deafness wish

-From Gerald Griffin's Rivals.

Victor Hugo's long memory spanned the seventy years between Waterloo and the present; and he had already won some reputation as a rising literary light before Lord Byron set out on his last journey to Greece, where, instead of fighting with the Greeks in their war for liberation, he died after a short illness at Missolonghi in 1824. When we think of Hugo as almost a contemporary of Shelly and Eests, who seem as far beyond us as the

BEECHER AND TALMAGE. A Wicked Newspaper Man on the Thun-derers of Brooklyn.

While Beecher is thinking away in Plymouth church Talmage is not idle in the Tabernacle. As the boys say, "Talmage is a corker." He draws a much larger crowd than Beecher, but it is a different crowd. It is the crowd without brains, the crowd that likes to be amused and finds Talmage a cheap man to amuse them. He is sensational and so is Beecher, but they do not con-flict. Beecher's sensationalism consists in presenting startling facts about education, or religion, or politics. Talmage's sensationalism consists in a monkey-show, girating on the plat-form like a clown, and by raking up old and disputed topics for discussion, and in reopening old sores. The cornetist who leads the singing helps to attract the crowd, and Talmage knows the chords of the human heart, for he plays on them unceasingly. He does not seek to educate in religious matters. He selects a text, and around that he weaves a garland of words, and here and there he intersperses old ancedotes and stories that sometime cause a smile or a tear. Beecher does none of this. He is above it, and there are some things that he will not plungo boldly into. Talmage will undertake anything for notoriety. He would write a Bible if he were asked to. Both Beecher and Talmage have had their tussles with Bob Incared

their tussles with Bob Ingersoll, but haven't you noticed that Beecher has not much to say against Royal Bob lately? Talmage, however, seldom misses a chance to hit the great orator. His blow is a blow of a sandbag, though. He doesn't sharpen a delicate stilette and stick it into his opponent's heart as Beecher does. Talmage exhausts himself at one swoop and then Ingersoll jumps on him, and if one man ever gave another a drubbing on the platform Ingersoll certainly did Tal-

A few years ago Ingersoll wrote a paper on "The Christian Religion" that was published in the North Amercan Review. It was a very able article and attracted great attention. It was nothing more than the old views that Ingersoll had so often expressed in public, but each sentence was effective, and having been published in so prominent a magazine they were given more weight than they really deserved.

constitutional lawyer in the country. He was a splendid speaker, a man of rare attainments, a clear logician, he was just the man to reply to Ingersoll, and to smash into atoms the indictment that Ingersoll had drawn up. The church people seemed confident. They believed their knight would slay the infidel.

Well, the article was published, and candor compels the admission it was a lamentable failure.

Black seemed to have lost his grip but he severely denounced Ingersoll as a charlatan, and in a general way scoffed at his unbelief.

To this Ingersoll replied, and Black admitted that for once he had been worsted. The great infidel didn't spare his man. He took off 'air and me here all day. I can't cure you if hide at the same time, and left his vieyou won't tell, you know."

"I danced with him of a night, this juncture that Beecher came to the "I danced with him of a night, this juncture that Beecher came to the sir," she replied in a timid voice and with a trembling lip, "an' when he that I have made, that there are some contracts too big for him to enter into. Editor Rice called on Beecher.

"Have you read the discussion between Col. Ingersoll and Judge Binck?" he asked him. "Yes, very carefully," was Beecher's

reply. "Which do you think has the best of "Ingersoll, decidedly."

"But the argument is not faished, Mr. Beecher, and I came to ask you to take up the case against Ingersoll and his statements.'

"I should like to very much." "Then why not do it? I will give you \$5,000 for a paper on 'The Christian Religion' that will dispose of the atheistic question at once and forever.

"Yes, I guess you would," concluded Beecher, "but I won't undertake it. I can't do it. No man can de it. It is an impossibility. We may believe that Ingersoll is wrong, but we can't give positive proof of it." That was manly anyhow. - New York Cor. in Providence Telegram.

How to Make Incandescent Lamps.

"The way that incandescent lamps are made is very simple," an electri-cian said yesterday. "There are different ways of preparing the filaments, which are shaped, carbonized, and treated at a white heat. They are then placed in platinum holders, which are imbedded in glass, and next go into the hand-of the glass-blower. The

glass bulbs have round openings at the bottoms and little tubes at the tops. The glass-blower places filaments each bulb of the bottom, and welds the glass about the platinum holders to edges of the opening. Then the air is drawn from the bulbs. "The open end of the big tube is at-

tached to an air-pump, which has forty pounds of mercury at its top. As the mercury drops it carries all the air with it, and vacuums are created in the bulbs. The operator then takes a Bunsen burner and directs its flame against the little tubes close to the bulbs. This closes the bulbs, which are then removed from the big tube. The glass-blower tinishes them off. The exhausting of the air from so many lamps at once makes the cost small. The bulbs can be made by any ordinary glass-blowers, but it requires a man of intelligence to make the filaments."—New York Sun.

To show what a girl can do, it is related that a Miss Taylor, who went to Wahpeton three years ago, took a preemption and had an offer of marriage the first year. The second year she took a homestead and a tree claim and had four offers to "jine" farms. She now has a section of land, twenty-seven cows, and innumerable calves, and is ready to consider offers to marry

Recreation for Wives and House- BUFFALO AS A RAILROAD keepers. How many women we see day after

day who seem to have no object in life; who go about their household duties in a mechanical sort of way, as much as to, say, I have so much to do and must get it done, and push through in as quick a manner as possible. Now there is something radically wrong with such a woman. I know that doing the same thing over and over, day after day, is apt to become very monotonous, unss the mind is diverted once in a while by other things. A walk, a ride, a night spent at some place of amusement, or in social pleasure will freshen the jaded faculties wonderfully, and you will return to your pots and pans with new zest. Anything rather than being enclosed within a few rooms, no matter how pleasant they may be. All women know how wearing the duties of wife and mother are, and unless some rest, some diversion is taken once in a while, the incessant labor and worry will soon break her down. And have heard would who have large families and no one to help them say, that sometimes two or three weeks elapse before they go out. Now this is not right. Under such treatment a of Newport or the famous Jerusalem ed she may have been, will become morbid and fretful. The husband does not like to see her thus, and unless he is very far seeing, will attribute it to sulkiness. Whenever your wife is looking, as you think, sulky, propose a walk, or a street ear ride, and take the children along, if you can't do any better. Or hire some trusty person to come in and take care of the little one for an evening, and take her out, and you will see how she will brighten up, city in 1797 down to the latest railway for an evening, and take her out, and and the effect of that evening's pleasure will last some time. Men who are out every day do not realize how tedious it is for a liberty-loving woman to stay at home, or how great an undertaking it is to go out with three or four babies. Husbands, as a rule, are not hard-hearted; they do not see that mother is pining for fresh air and amusement; that the drudgery of Pacific Railroad the whole world will every-day life is wearing her out; that the care and worry of the little ones is nearly turning her brain. If they fully of the Red River, the coal, oil, and iron realized it they would spend a little of Pennsylvania, the lumber of Michimore money for that same trusty person mentioned above, and at least once a week, the partner of their joys the great western prairies pass through weight than they really deserved.

Thorndyke Rice, editor of the Review, had engaged Judge Jere Black, of Pennsylvania, to reply to the article. Black had given the subject much thought and study. He was the ablest constitutional lawyer in the country. and sorrows should have a real good time, something like she used to have when they were first married and with-out care. The need of recreation can not be too highly valued by both moth-ers and fathers. The wife will take more interest in her household labors, tiful face when he comes home at night. Change is rest, and one will soon become tired of life if there is no possible on the lines centering at Bufbreak in the monotony of every day work.

A Dreadful Blunder.

Speaking of bustles, says Clara Belle, I went to church last Sunday with just the most sensitively devout girl that breathes the air of this sphere, whence she will arise to the azures and by a net-work of tracks, approach-delights of heaven. She is truly fashing closer and closer as they ligiously happy, but I plainly saw, as I to the lake vessels in return for a car-

pered.

ne consolation out of the exercises. York city. The New York Central The rector is as enchanting as ever, the and Hudson River; the New York, weather is perfect, my own religious Lake Erie, and Western; the New experience was comforting, up to the time I sat down in this pew. I am positively miserable in my mind. Some occult influence is at work, I'm sure." Vision of the Buffalo, New York, and ing to dress anew for dinner, a sudden exclamation from my friend arrested State. Stretching away in an opposite

solved the mystery. Look here," and Southern, the Michigan Central, the she whipped out a copy of the Police Grand Trunk of Canada, the Great Gazette from her bustle. "That's some Western division, and the New York, brother Jack's horrid literature. How blind I must have been! I am so care-plate." The remaining nine roads are ful always, pretty nearly, to select the Christian Union to put into my bustle when I am going to church. Then I seem, somehow, to get an ease of soul from the services that is due, in some degree, to what I am sitting on. But tering the city has connection with to rest on a Police Gazette! No wonder this, and by the terms of the city's the religious exercises went for worse

Congressmen and Gentlemen.

A good and perhaps true story is told of Bob Ingersoil and Secretary Lamar. Bob called at the Interior Department and asked to see the Sec-

"Be See'tary is occupied, sah, with members and Senatah; only. Won't see nobody else now, sah," said the colored messenger at the door.

Bob waited a moment, with his hands in his pockets. Then he pulled out half a dollar and dropped it into the janitor's hand, after giving a few whispered instructions. A moment later the messenger walked into the Secretary's room, where a large number of Senators were assembled, and addressed the Secretary:

"Mr. Sec'tary, Mr. Bob Ingersoll am at de doah. He says he understands that dis am de time when you won't see any but members and Senatahs, an' he wants to know when you receive gentlemens."
"Show the Colonel in," said the Sec-

retary. - Washington Star.

An old legend of St. Louis is revived, which says that the ground on which the Southern Hotel was built was cursed by a poor and agod French wo-man, who was dispossessed of her humble home, which stood on its site, by the city's march of progress, far back in the early days of the settle-ment. St. Louis is cobwebbed with traditions and old legends, and there seems in this case a curious fulfillment of the traditional curse. There is a theory that the magnetic fluid that per-vades everything is affected by a foul wrong done, and that a repetition in the same place is more probable, but all such airy speculations may well be left to the fle'd occultism.—Boston

CENTER.

All through the summer the harbor is full of life-tugs dart hither and yon, lake vessels, big and little, receive their cargoes, huge steamers and propellers take on passengers or freight for the upper lakes, while numerous pleasure-yachts, named for sea-nymphs and dryads, steam toward the International bridge, which opens in the national bridge, which opens in the center with massive swing, and permits them to pass through on their way "down the river." Finally, and most important, stretching in all directions, are the iron rails over which the com-merce of the great West reaches the Eastern seaboard.

To win the heart of this queen city to-day you must court her in the role of a railway king. You must come as the projector of a new trunk line, prepared to lay your millions at her feet in return for a site from which to throw another girdle around the city, and with thousands more to invest for a commanding lot on Delaware Avenue, "The Circle," or fronting one of the many park approaches, whereupon to erect a palace of Medina sandstone, or

Never was the imperial position of Buffalo appreciated as now, when all signs point to the realization of the prophecy that she is destined to sit "like a commercial Constantinople stretching along the Bosporus of the broad Niagara, and holding the keys of the Dardanelles that shall open and shut the geter of the control of the stretching along the stretching along the stretching along the stretching and shut the geter of the stretching the stretching and stretching the stretching the stretching along the stretching and stretching along the stretching and stretching along the stretching along the stretching and stretching and stretching along the stretching shut the gates of trade for the regions east and west." A study of the globe manager of 1885, eager to obtain an approach to the International Bridge, already inadequate to the demands of traflic and mooting the revival of the old scheme of tunneling under the Niagara, every sagacious person has predicted a great commercial future for the Queen City of the empire State. With the completion of the Northern products of the immense wheat fields of the Red River, the coal, oil, and iron gan and the Southern States, the ores of Lake Superior, and the live stock of her gates, but the commerce of Asia

put a railroad through Eric county. Now, without the repetition of a rod, falo alone, as the starting point or terminus of twenty different railway lines. No city, save one, owes so much to railroads as does Buffalo. Her terminal facilities are unequaled, and her transfer yards at East Buffalo are the largest in the world, with the outlying country encompassed for miles about ionable, too, and her summer costume was a dream of beauty. She ought to have been spiritually composed and rewatched her through the service, that go of grain, flour, lumber, iron, and she was ill at ease.
"What's the matter, dear?" I whissupreme in the center of her web.

"I can't imagine," she sadly replied;
"but somehow or other I am getting ne consolation out of the exercises.

Sufficient in the center of her wor.

The business man has his choice among six different routes to New York city. The New York Central After we got home and were disrob- Philadelphia-all lead east amid the direction toward the western 'Clara, oh! Clara!" she eried, "I've are the Lake Shore and Michigan local lines. Among the most impor-tant of these is the Buffalo Creek Railway, a belt freight line four miles length, extending down on either side of the ship canal. Every railroad engrant its rates are uniform to all, thus

placing the railroads on equal terms. Within the city limits railroad corporatious own 2,746 acres, or more than four square miles of territory. There are 436 miles of standard guage track—more miles of rail than are contained in any other city on the globe. Within the corporate boundaries of his own town the Buffalonian could enjoy a railroad journey equal to a trip to New York over the Lackawanna, with twenty-six miles to spare. - Jane M. Welch in Harper's Magazine for July.

A Doctor's Hint to Working-Men. When you have heavy work to do,

do not take either beer, cider, or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oat meal and water, with a little sugar. The proportion are a quarter of a pound of oat meal to two or three quarts of water, according to the heat of the day and your work and thirst; it should be well boiled, and then an ounce or an ounce and a half of brown sugar added. If you find it thicker than you like, add three quarts of water. Before you drink it, shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer drink this cold; in winter hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink.
If you cannot boil it, you can take a
little oatmeal mixed with cold water and sugar, but this is not so good; always boil it if you can. If at any time you have to make a very long day, as in harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the eatmeal to half a pound, or even three-quarters, and the to three quarts if you are likely to be very thirsty. For quenching thirst, few things are better than weak coffee and a little sugar. One cunce of coffee and half an ounce of sugar boiled in two quarts of water and cooled is a very thirst-quenching drink. Cold tea has the same effect, but neither is so sup-porting as out meal.

Twenty-six years ago a young clerk in the city of New York stole a pocket dictionary from the law office in which he was employed, and, soon after, thirty-five dollars in money from other employers in the same city. He re-moved to China, where as it appears, he lived virtuously, and became a prosperous man. He is still a resident of

A few months ago he lost a prayer-book, which was returned to him by a Catholic priest, to whom the theft had been confessed. At first, indignant at the injury done him, he demanded the exposure and punishment of the thief. But the recollection of his own similar transgressions long ago came to him with such force that his anger was swallowed up in contrition, and he determined to make a similar restitution.

He wrote a letter in the New York Herald, confessing his thefts, enclosing the stolen dictionary and money, and requested the editor to forward the same to their owners, or in case they could not be found, to give the money to a charitable institution.

The proprietor of the book had been dead for many years, but the rightful owner of the money, once a prosperous New York merchant is now a tobacco planter in North Carolina, and so poor that the stolen money is really an important addition to his year's revenue. It has been sent to him.

A remarkable circumstance is, that the contrite man gave to the Herald his full name and address, and in mentioning his crime, he did not call it by any fine name, or attempt any excuse. He says in plain English that he "stole" the book and "pilfered" the money. He is a wise man. He has won back a portion of a lost treasure, most precious, his self-respect! More than this, while it was not necessary that he should have given his name to the public, he has made such restitution as lay in his power for the wrong he had done.

Broad-Faced Hen.

However dull an Irishman's ear may be, his imagination is always lively, a fact which this amusing anecdote illustrates: A rather stout Irishman was walking slowly through the market one morning with a basket on his arm. On coming to a stall where a large owl was perched upon a bar, he stopped. After inspecting it for a few minutes with a troubled expression on his countenauce, his face lighted up, and with

a patronizing air he inquired:
"How much do you want for your broad-faced hen?" With a very audible grin the proprictor replied.

"That's no hen; it's an owl." "I don't care howould it is; it's good enough for the boardthers, and it will make soup.

THE LAURENS BAR.

JOHN C. HASKELL, N. B. DIAL. Columbia, S. C. Laurens, S. C HASKELL & DIAL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LAURENS C. H., S. C.

J. T. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office—Fleming's Corner, Northwest side of Public Square. LAURENS C. H., S. C.

J. C. GARLINGTON. ATTORNEY AT LAW, LAURENS C. H., S. C.

Office over W. H. Garrett's Store. F. P. M'GOWAN, Laurens. Abbeville.

BENET & McGOWAN. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LAURENS C. H., S. C.

J. W. FERGUSON. FERGUSON & YOUNG, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LAURENS C. H., S. C.

TODD & MARTIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LAURENS C. H., S. C.

HOLMES & SIMPSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LAURENS C. H., S. C.

H. Y. SIMPSON.

SAVE

MONEY

By buying your Drugs and Medicines, By buying your Drugs and Medicines, Fine Colognes, Paper and Envelopes, Memorandum Books, Face Powders, Tooth Powders, Hair Brushes, Shaving Brushes, Whisk Brushes, Blacking Brushes, Placking, Toilet and Laundry Soaps, Tea, Spice, Pepper, Ginger, Lamps and Lanterns, Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff, Diamond Dyes, and other articles too numerous to mention, at the NEW DRUG STORE.

Also, Pure Wines and Liquors, for

the NEW DRUG STORE.

Also, Pure Wines and Liquors, for medical purposes.

No trouble to show goods.

Respectfully,

B. F. POSEY & BRO.,

Laurens C. H., S. C.

COLUMBIA & GREENVILLE R. R.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

On and after July 19th, 1885, Passenger Trains will run as herewith indicated upon this Road and its branches:

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS. No. 53-Up Passenger. C Junction A 10 30 a m Columbia (C G D) 10 55 a m 11 55 a m 12 58 p m 2 14 p m Ar Alston Ar Newberry Ar Ninety-Six D 3 16 p m Ar Hodges

Ar Belton Ar Greenville 5 45 p m No. 52-Down Passenger. Ly Greenville 10 00 a m 11 21 a m Ar Belton Ar Hodges 1 23 p m 3 08 p m Ar Ninety-Six Ar Newberry

SPARTANBURG, UNION AND CO-LUMBIA.

Ar Columbia

No. 53-Up Passenger. Lv Alston 11 58 a m 1 59 p m Ar Union Ar Spart'g, S U & C depot Ar Spart'g, R & D Dep B 3 37 pm

No. 52-Down Passenger. Spart'g R & D Dep H 12 05 p m Lv Spart'g S U & C Dep G 12 11 p m Ar Union 4 05 p m Ar Alston

LAURENS RAILROAD. No. 3-Up Passenger. Ly Newberry 3 15 p m Ar Goldville 4 15 pm Ar Clinton

6 00 p m Ar Laurens No. 4-Down Passenger. Ly Laurens 9 10 a m Ar Clinton 9 55 a m Ar Newberry 12 00 m

ABBEVILLE BRANCH. 3 20 p m Ly Hodges 4 20 p m 11 25 a m Ar Abbeville Ly Abbeville Ar Hodges 12 25 p m

BLUE RIDGE AND ANDERSON BRANCH. Ar Anderson Ar Seneca City 6 15 p m Ar Walhalla 6 45 p m Ly Walhalla 8 50 p m Ar Belton 11 02 p m Trains run solid between Columbia

and Hendersonville. CONNECTIONS. A Sencea with R. & D. R. R. for Atlanta.

A. With Atlanta Coast Line and South Carolina Railway, from and to Charleston With Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta from Wilmington and all

points North. With Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta from Charlottee and all points

B. With Asheville and Spitanburg from and for points in Western North Carolina. C. Atlanta and Charlotte Division R. & D. R. R. for Atlanta and points South and West.

G. R. TALCOTT. Superintendent.
M. SLAUGHTER, Gen. Pass. Agt.
D. CARDWELL, A. G. Pass. Agt.

MAGNOLIA PASSENGER ROUTE. G. L. and S., A. and K., and P. R. and A. Railways.

BLUE TIME-GOING SOUTH.

Lv Woodruff *7 50 a m 8 22 a m Lv Ora 8 52 a m 9 32 a m 10 10 a m Ly High Point Ly Waterloo 10 34 a m Lv Coronaca 11 07 a m Ar Greenwood *11 35 a m Ly Greenwood 2 00 p m 7 00 p m 10 25 a m *10 50 a m Ar Augusta *10 00 p m Lv Augusta Ar Atlanta 7 00 a m *11 20 a m Lv Augusta Ar Chalesston 6 00 p m 6 05 p m Ar Beaufort

6 20 p m 7 00 p m

6 15 a m

Ar Port Royal Ar Jacksonville GOING NORTH Lv Jacksonville

*8 50 p m Lv Savannah Ly Charleston 7 00 a m Lv Port Royal 7 35 a m Lv Beaufort 7 47 a m Ar Augusta 1 55 p m *8 20 p m 6 10 a m Ar Augusta *2 30 a m *6 15 p m Ly Augusta Ar Greenwood 700 p m 11 40 a m 2 00 p m 2 28 p m Ly Greenwood Ar Coromaca Ar Waterloo 3 01 p m Ar High Point 3 23 p m Ar Laurens 4 03 pm 4 43 p m Ar Ora Ar Enoree 5 13 p m Ar Woodruff

*Daily. Connections made at Greenwood to and from points on Columbia and Greenville Railroad. Tickets on sale at Laurens to all points at through rates. Baggage

hecked to destination. E. T. CHARLTON, G. P. A. J. N. Bass, Supt., Augusta, Ga.

Dr. W. H. BALL,

OFFICE OVER WILKES' BOOK AND DRUG STORE. Office days-Mondays and Tuesdays. LAURENS C. H., S. C.

CINCINNATI

TYPE * FOUNDRY

PRINTING MACHINE WORKS,

CINCINNATI, O. 201 Vine Street, The type used on this paper was cast by the